My backe a tother side, a my backe, my backe:
Beshrew your heart for sending me about
To catch my death with iaunsing vp and downe.
Iu. I faith I am sorrie that thou art not well.
Sweete sweete, sweete Nurse, tell me what sayes my loue?
Nur. Your loue saies like an honest Gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And I warrant a vertuous, where is your mother?
Iu. Where is my mother, why she is within, where should she (be
How odly thou replyest:
Your loue saies like an honest gentleman,
Where is your mother?
Nur. O Gods Lady deare,
Are you so hot, marrie come vp I trow,
Is this the poultis for my aking bones:
Henceforward do your messages your selfe.
Iuli. Heres such a coile, come what saies *Romeo*?
Nur. Haue you got leaue to go to shrift to day?
Iu. I haue.
Nur. Then high you hence to Frier *Lawrence* Cell,
There staies a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton bloud vp in your cheekes,
They'le be in scarlet straight at any newes:
Hie you to Church, I must an other way,
To fetch a Ladder by the which your Loue
Must clumbe a birds neast soone when it is darke
I am the drudge, and toile in your delight:
But you shall beare the burthen soone at night.
Go Ile to dinner, hie you to the Cell.
Iu. Hie to high fortune, honest Nurse farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter Frier and Romeo.

Fri. So smile the heauens vpon this holy act,
That after houres, with sorrow chide vs not.
Ro. A men, amen, but come what sorrow can,
It cannot counteruaile the exchange of ioy

That

That one short minute giues me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then loue-deuouring death doe what he dare,
It is inough I may but call her mine.
Fri. These violent delights haue violent endes,
And in their triumph die like fire and powder;
Which as they kisse consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his owne deliciousnesse,
And in the taste confoundes the appetite.
Therefore loue moderately, long loue doth so,
Too swift arriues as tardie as too slow.

Enter Iuliet.

Here comes the Lady, Oh so light a foot
Vvill nere weare out the euerlasting flint,
A louer may bestride the gossamours,
That ydles in the wanton sommer ayre,
And yet not fall, so light is vanitie.
Iu. Good euen to my ghostly confessor.
Fri. Romeo shall thanke thee daughter for vs both.
Iu. As much to him, else is his thanks too much.
Ro. Ah *Iuliet*, if the measure of thy ioy
Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blason it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour ayre, and let rich musicke tongue,
Vnfold the imagin'd happines that both
Receiue in either, by this deare encounter.
Iu. Conceit more rich in matter then in words,
Brags of his substance, not of ornament,
They are but beggers that can count their worth,
But my true loue is growne to such excesse,
I cannot sum vp sum of halfe my wealth.
Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make short worke,
For by your leaues, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy Church incorporate two in one.

Enter

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